



icarus and the sun

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icarus and the sun by cemeteryrat

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Genre: M/M, but here i go!, its the angel au that no one asked for, this is my first fic on here and i'm nervous

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Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

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Summary:

the denbrough angel au that no one asked for

(originally posted on tumblr by @richiethottozier (that's me lmao)

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1. Prologue: The Trial

Stan Uris likes to think he's pretty logical. He has always done what's right when it comes to dealing with humans—he's never kissed one, never held one romantically, never fallen in love with one. His instructors used him as an example almost every class, his work on Earth something to be very proud of.

Signing day was every month, at precisely eight in the morning, which to most seemed dreadful, but Stan absolutely loved it. He loved going out into the human world as the sun rose, casting beautiful colors upon his sandy toned wings, the freshness of the blossoming morning filling his lungs. Today should have been no different.

The grand council woman sat high up in her chair, looking down upon the jury.

"Stanley Isaac Uris?" She called out, an eyebrow raising. He reluctantly stood, bowing his head. He shouldn't be here. This felt like a fever dream.

"It has come to my attention that you are in violation of Code 446, which strictly states that no angel should by any means fall in love with a human, lest they become a fallen angel." Her eyes held an immense amount of displeasure, from which Stan did not know. Maybe it was court duty, maybe it was his conviction, maybe it was the fact that out of everyone it was him.

He had fallen in love with a human.

Stan never saw this coming, not in a million years, not since he had died and gone on into the above to become a guardian angel. But boy had he fallen and hard at that.

2. Bill Denbrough's Hallucination

It was Saturday, Bill Denbrough's favorite day. Well, it used to be his favorite day. Ever since he had lost his brother, he'd felt a weird presence around him, almost as if a fog of thick air was trying to kill him. Nothing seemed real anymore without little Georgie Denbrough bugging him or running throughout the house.

He felt lost, to put it simply. Yeah, his friends helped a lot, especially when he felt like his entire world was crashing down around him from stress, but they couldn't quite get it. None of them had lost a brother that they were so close to. And that's what made Bill so mad. He didn't understand exactly why it had to happen to his family. He was holding out for some sort of miracle, a day where Georgie would walk through the door with the sailboat in his small hands and tell Bill how great it sailed that day.

Saturday droned on endlessly, with most of his friends not able to go to the barrens. Eddie was the only one who had escaped home that day, with his new friend Richie in tow. No one knew where he had come from, just that he had moved to Derry about 3 months ago.

"Heya Big Bill!" Richie greeted him, a huge smile on his lips. "How's it shakin'?"

"Hey Rich. It's shakin', it's d-definitely shakin'." He responded, his own smile gracing his lips. "How are you both?" Eddie looked up from his shoes and made a face.

"Moms' still giving me those gazebos. She thinks I'm still sick.." He trailed off, a frown residing on his face. It had been nearly three months since Eddie had found out he was being force fed lies. It, of course, didn't stop his hypochondriac tendencies, but he felt better knowing. It was actually Richie who had exposed the truth, causing Mrs. Kaspbrak to chase him out of the house while wielding a broom.

"Well, you don't have to take those pills when you're around us because we'd never tell Mrs. K! Right, Bill?" Richie looked at Bill hopefully, to which he nodded and agreed. Richie clapped his arm around Eddie and the smaller boy turned beet red, causing Bill to

laugh.

The majority of the day spent with Richie and Eddie wasn't boring, but it was filled with what Bill viewed as meaningless activities. Everything seemed meaningless nowadays. By the time he had gotten home, it was almost one in the morning, which quite surprised him, for his parents hadn't checked up on him all evening. He quietly slipped up the stairs to his bedroom, hurrying past Georgie's room. It was force of habit, being sneaky in the early morning hours as to not wake Georgie. Only now there was no Georgie to wake.

Entering his room, Bill flopped onto the bed, wrapping himself in the familiar brown duvet. His brain felt numb and his heart felt empty and he considered for just a brief moment, what would it be like to see Georgie again? The thought was quickly shaken from Bill's head, his eyes closing and a sigh escaping his lips.

"Please God...give me a sign that Georgie's still there.." He mumbled, casting his eyes downwards.

A sudden thump on the window caught his attention, his head snapping to the right. A curly headed boy resided just outside, staring at him. Before he had time to process what was happening, the boy had opened the window and clamped a hand over Bill's mouth.

"When I take my hand off your mouth, promise me you won't scream." The curly haired boy spoke softly, his brown eyes concerned. Bill simply nodded, dumbfounded as to how this boy had even gotten to the window. There were no trees and there definitely wasn't a drainpipe. So how'd he do it? The strange boy tentatively removed his hand, biting his lip in the process.

"Who the f-fuck are you?" Bill croaked, his insides a mixture of nervousness and wonder.

"I'm Stanley Uris."

"I'm Bill. B-Bill Denbrough."

"I kind of..know who you are." The sentence struck Bill as odd. Maybe the just went to school together and hadn't noticed Stanley before? Or was this some psychotic creep? Bill looked up carefully at the other boy, tilting his head and observing. Stanley looked about

his age, maybe even older and he seemed to have a tan backpack on his back. Maybe he was a runaway? All these thoughts and more ran through his brain but we're quickly cut off by Stanley speaking.

"That sounded weird. Uhm, look. I'm here to..to help you." Bill let out a pitiful attempt at a laugh, wondering how in the fuck could this scrawny boy help him.

"And just why are you here to help me, S-Stanley?"

"Georgie." Bill, once again, was struck speechless. It was very possible that Stanley had heard about Georgie on the news, but coming to his house in the wee hours of the morning to help him with it? Bill was beginning to get pissed off with this Stanley kid. It wasn't his fucking place to even try to worm his way into Bill's head and "help" him.

"Whatever the fuck you think you're doing, it's not funny." Bill spat out, a hurt look coming across Stanley's face.

"No, no—"

"You can leave the way you came in." Bill motioned to the window, coldly staring at the other boy.

"Bill, you don't understand. You wanted a sign Georgie was still here with you. I know I'm not what you expected, but he's too new to be a guardian."

"A guardian?" He scoffed, sneering at Stanley's expression.

"Yes. I'm your guardian angel, Bill." Bill blinked three times, officially thinking he was going crazy.

"G-Guardian angel?! You've got to be fucking kidding me." Bill sat down on his bed, slumping down a bit. "Of all the things that could be happening, I'm hallucinating."

"You aren't hallucinating." He reached out and touched Bill's arm. "I'm real. Well, technically." Stanley pushed his curls out of his eyes, smiling sadly.

“P-Prove it.” Bill stuttered, suddenly sounding a bit more confident. “Prove to me that you’re an angel.” Stanley hesitated and then slowly unfurled his wings from behind him, the tawny feathers glistening in the fluorescent lights. Bill’s eyes widened in astonishment, his hand reaching out and feeling the end of Stanley’s wings.

“Holy shit.” Was all that escaped Bill Denbrough’s mouth before he passed out.